

# The New-York Weekly Magazine ;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. II.]

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[No. 93.]

*For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.*

### A FUGITIVE THOUGHT.

MUSING the other day in a pensive attitude, my head reclining on my hand, and my elbow resting on the table—methought—Why is the mind either incessantly haunted with gloom, or wrapt in extacy? Why is man generally peevish, morose, sullen, fretful or passionate, and seldom enjoying that beautiful equilibrium of temper that alone can produce happiness to himself and others? The object of all (said I to myself) is to acquire comfort and happiness; but how wide do they steer of the mark, that give way to hateful passions. I recollected how trivial faults of persons in my employ made me impatient—that I sometimes was subject to those disagreeable emotions, and that I thereby made those and myself unhappy: I bethought myself of recent trials, which, though afflictive, should not have excited discontent; and I put up a fervent petition to heaven, to assist me in a resolution I then formed of never giving way to chagrin, but of always endeavouring to possess, at least, a pleasing equanimity. I am no enemy to transports of joy, when not carried to excess: I fancy, that for this end are the passions given us; but we have perverted into a source of uneasiness what was designed to increase our pleasure, and to make this life of probation less burthen some.

I will, continued I, from this, endeavour to be as happy myself as possible, and it shall be my care to cause those around me, as far as lies in my power, to participate in my bliss. My domestics, and all under my care, shall be but gently reprov'd when they err; or rather, I will acquaint them merely with their faults, and if they are wise they surely will improve. My children I will advise with the utmost tenderness, and use every art to allure them into the paths of virtue; good shall be represented to them in the most glowing and fascinating colours, and vice shall be depicted with the most frightful, hideous and forbidding appearance. My wife, the partner of my joys, must be the partaker of my happiness—hand in hand shall we go on in this blissful path—no jar shall disturb our harmony, nor shall discontent or anger ever wrinkle our brows: then shall we fulfil the design of our Maker in sending us into the

world, and shall pass through its variegated scenes with as much comfort and content as can possibly be enjoyed here below by mortals.

N. L.

### DISCONTENT.

IN the humble and seemingly-quiet shade of private life, as well as among the great and mighty, discontent broods over its imaginary sorrows; preys upon the citizen no less than the courtier, and often nourishes passions equally malignant in the cottage and in the palace. Having once seized the mind, it spreads its own gloom over every surrounding object; it every where searches out materials for itself; and in no direction more frequently employs its unhappy activity, than in creating divisions among mankind, and in magnifying slight provocations into mortal injuries.

In situations where much comfort might be enjoyed, this man's superiority and that man's neglect, our jealousy of a friend, our hatred of a rival, an imagined affront, or a mistaken point of honour, allow us no repose. Hence discord in families, animosities among friends, and wars among nations! Look around us! every where we find a busy multitude. Restless and uneasy in their present situation, they are incessantly employed in accomplishing a change of it; and as soon as their wish is fulfilled, we discern, by their behaviour, that they are as dissatisfied as they were before. Where they expected to have found a paradise, they find a desert.

The man of business pines for leisure; the leisure for which he had longed proves an irksome gloom, and, through want of employment, he languishes, sickens, and dies.

The man of retirement fancies no state so happy as that of active life; but he has not engaged long in the tumults and contests of the world, until he finds cause to look back with regret on the calm hours of his former privacy and retreat.

Beauty, wit, eloquence, and fame, are eagerly desired by persons in every rank of life. They are the parent's fondest wish for his child; the ambition of the young, and the admiration of the old; and yet in what numberless instances have they proved, to those who possessed them, no other than shining snares, seductions to vice, instigations to folly, and, in the end, sources of misery.



THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;  
OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA\*IRA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Concluded from page 315.)

THE King proposed in the council of state in which this decree was debated, that some of the criminals should be executed, but the rest imprisoned for life. The Marquis of \*\*ira insisted, however, upon the execution of the legal punishment, and was seconded by the other members. The King mitigated the punishment of those who had been sentenced to be hanged, ordering them to be beheaded. The two prelates, whose fate had been left to his Royal pleasure, were doomed to eternal imprisonment.

Going to Court the next day, I heard Alumbrado had found means to escape from his prison. It was believed Oliv\*rez had bribed the gaoler by a large sum to suffer him to liberate himself, which appeared to me very probable, as the latter could be found no where, and very likely had joined the villain in his flight, who, however, as it is to be wished for the best of human kind, will not escape the punishment due to his crimes\*.

What I am going to relate now, is the account of an eye-witness, for how could I have been present on such an heart-breaking occasion?

On the 28th of August a scaffold, covered with black cloth, was erected before the house where the prisoners had been confined the preceding night. On this scaffold three steps were seen, on each of which a chair was placed, the upper one for the Duke of Cam\*na, the middle chair for the Marquis of Villa R\*al, and the lower one for the Duke of Ar\*amar.

The Marquis of Villa R\*al was the first who stepped out of one of the windows of the house, which served instead of a door. He begged the bye-standers pardon in a short speech, and was beheaded.

As soon as his corpse was covered, his son made his appearance. His pale and staring countenance resembled that of a corpse. He uttered not a syllable, seated himself on the chair, and one blow severed his head from his body.

The pen-drops from my hand, and the idea of that horrid scene curdles the blood in my veins. Reader, who art perusing these pages, look back once more on the road on which a noble young man, adorned with the most excellent

\* He did not escape the vengeance of Heaven if, as I have reason to suppose, Alumbrado is the same person with Vi\*o\*va. The latter fled from Port\*\*al to Spa\*n, deceived the Minister through his pretended occult knowledge, and continued to be connected with him after he had been removed from the helm of government. However, a journey which Alumbrado made to Tol\*\*o, where he attempted to play off his magical delusions, brought on his destruction; he was seized by the officers of the Inquisition, and executed as a heretic and forcerer. Oli\*arez too was arrested by the Inquisition, when that ruthless tribunal was informed of his connection with the villainous Alumbrado: his relations are, however, believed to have dispatched him by poison, in order to spare him the disgrace of a public execution.

genius, and the best of hearts, suffered himself to be seduced to a crime for which he atoned with his life!

CONTINUATION.

*(By an unknown Hand.)*

The Marquis of F\*, to whom the preceding Memoirs had been entrusted for publication, dying nine weeks after the execution of his unhappy friend, left these interesting papers to me, after I had promised him on his death-bed to execute the last request of their ill-fated author. I have discharged the trust reposed in me some years since, and the character of the poor deluded young man has been vindicated in the eyes of the public, who have received the mournful tale of his misfortunes with tears of pity. The continuation of these extraordinary Memoirs, which I am going to add, is so wonderful and remarkable, that I wish it had been in my power to communicate it to the public along with the rest; the whole being, however, a secret of state, which I am not allowed to disclose while the persons concerned in it are alive, I shall, perhaps, be obliged to leave the publication of the subsequent pages to my children.

Nine years are already elapsed since the execution of the conspirators, and the death of the Marquis of F\* and—the Duke of Ca\*ina, whose hapless fate the latter has bewailed in silent grief, and who generally is believed to have been executed with the rest of his associates, is yet alive.

The King, who ardently wished to spare the life of the Duke, but at the same time was afraid of counteracting the decree of the council of state, who had doomed him to public execution, found himself in no small embarrassment. However, the Irishman, who wished with equal ardour to save the life of the poor misguided young man, soon found out means of dissolving the Gordian knot. "I could," said he to the King, "make a mask, which no one should be able to discern from the real physiognomy of the Duke; and this mask I could fasten to the face of some other person, in such a manner, that every one should believe that person to be the Duke. If, therefore, we can find a person who resembles him in size, and in the make of his body, and at the same time shall be willing to lose his head in the place of the Duke, it will not be difficult to save the life of the latter, without either offending the Senate, or leaving him at liberty to conspire a second time against the life of your Majesty. This person, who in every respect will answer our purpose, is Alumbrado. He is of the same size with the Duke, and if informed that he is condemned to be torn by horses, will not refuse to accept the mask, and to die by the sword in the place of the Duke. In order to cover this innocent fraud, we must give out that Alumbrado has escaped from the prison, and thus the benevolent wish of your Majesty can be accomplished with secrecy and safety."

This plan of the Irishman was executed with the privacy and assistance of only a few persons, who took a solemn oath never to disclose the secret, and Alumbrado was beheaded in the room of the Duke. The deceit was car-



ried on so dexterously, that none of those who witnessed his execution, suspected him to be any other person but the Duke whom he represented.

The latter, however, knew nothing of this fraud that had been practised in his favour, for although the Irishman had modelled his face in wax, yet he had not received the most distant hint of the purpose for which it had been done. When he was carried out of his dungeon, a few hours after the execution of his father and the disguised Alumbrado, and led through a dark subterraneous passage, he fancied that he was to meet his doom. He was conducted over many secret staircases, and at length entered, through an iron door, a dark apartment where he was ordered to wait. But soon after a second door was opened, and an apartment illuminated with numberless torches presented itself to his view. There he beheld the King sitting at a table, and a man with a sack and a sword standing by his side, who beckoned to him to step nearer. The Duke having entered the apartment, the door was bolted after him, and he expected every moment to be his last. The King looked at him for some time without speaking a word, and at last began:—"You have designed the ruin of your country, and conspired against my life, what do you think you deserve?" "Death!" the Duke replied. "You have been doomed by the Council of State to suffer a very painful death; I have, however, mitigated their sentence into that of your being executed by the sword." The Duke thanked the King for his clemency, and looked at the man, whom he mistook for the executioner. "Your sentence has been executed already!" the King resumed, after a long pause of awful expectation. The silence of the Duke, and the expression of his features, bespoke his desire for an explanation of these mysterious words. "You gaze at me;" the King added, "you doubt, perhaps, the truth of what I have said? however you shall soon be convinced." So saying he made a signal to the man who was standing by his side, upon which the latter opened the sack, and taking out a head recently cut off, showed it to the Duke, who staggered back when he discerned his own features in the face of the bleeding head. The whole mystery was now explained to him, and the King added: "You owe your life to my mercy and the invention of the Irishman; it is, however, not in my power to restore you to human society. Although you are alive, yet you will be numbered among the dead, and be lost to the world for ever. You will pass your life banished from society, and deprived of liberty, yet you may rest assured that none of the comforts of life, liberty excepted, will be denied you."

This sentence was executed literally, the Duke was confined for the rest of his life in a strong tower situated on the river Ta-o, where handsome apartments were allotted to him, and wanted nothing but liberty.

[The Address of the Translator of the preceding history to his Thinking Readers, being thought worthy their attention, it will be laid before them in our next, and succeeding number.]

## THE BALM OF SORROW.

NOT studied consolatory speeches, not precepts from the Cynick's tub, nor a volume of last century sermons, but employment. Let the victim of ingratitude, of grief, of love, plunge into the whirlpool of business, and he will feel like the valetudinarian, invigorated from the bath. On this subject ARMSTRONG prescribes like a physician, and exhorts like a philosopher.

"Go, soft enthusiast, quit the cypress groves,  
Nor to the rivulet's lonely moanings tune  
Your sad complaint. Go seek the cheerful haunts  
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;  
Lay schemes for Wealth, or Power, or Fame, the wish  
Of noble minds, and push them night and day,  
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes  
New to your eyes, and shifting every hour,  
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.  
Or, more adventurous, rush into the field  
Where war grows hot; and raging thro' the sky,  
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;  
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march  
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

## ANECDOTES.

A GENTLEMAN who now fills an important office in this State, was travelling through a part of the country where he was not so personally known as his horses and carriage; having exchanged places with his servant who attended on horseback, he fell into conversation with a rough countryman, who was riding the same way, and from the gentleman's extraordinary paleness, mistook him for the servant. The conversation turning on the fineness of the horses before the carriage, the clown observed, that he knew them very well; they belonged to Mr. G—: the gentleman replied they did: "And I suppose," said the fellow, "that is he in the coach; but if I had his horses, I wouldn't care if the D—l had him."

A VETERAN toper complained to the celebrated Doctor W. of Boston, that from long use of spirituous liquors, they palled upon his palate, and failed to exhilarate his spirits. The Doctor, in a sportive mood, inquired if he had ever used AQUA FORTIS, and recommended it to his patient, diluted with water.—The toper immediately procured a quantity, which he first mixed with water, and then took in its crude state; but in a few months the AQUA FORTIS afforded him as little pleasure as common New-England Rum. Soon after the unfortunate toper, meeting the Doctor in the street, addressed him thus, "Doctor, the aqua FORTIS won't do, can't you give me something stronger; do, dear Doctor, for the love of grog, let me have a little aqua FIFTIES."



goodness to ease my doubts, by informing me, whether you are a native of England?"

"No, Madam! but born of English parents in Russia."

"Good Heaven! art thou, then, making me amends for the afflictions thou hast laid upon me!"

"Your words, Madam, distract me! What do they mean? My heart tells me that some kindred tie binds us. Heaven grant that it may be so!"

"Is your name, then, Egerton?"—"The same."

"I thank thee, O God!"—Here she sunk into a swoon; but was quickly recovered by her daughter and the old servant.

She opened her eyes again; and, by the kindness of indulgent Heaven, I embraced a long-lost sister! Who can describe my joy?

Our family thought she had become a prey to the waves. She had been shipwrecked, at an early age, in a vessel bound to England; was taken up by an English privateer, and adopted as the captain's daughter. About the time she married, the captain had been unfortunate; and had, therefore, no portion but about two hundred pounds to give with her, which sum had been long since expended in the education of her children. He promised, however, to seek out her parents, but was cast away in the voyage. She, therefore, had never heard any thing of them; and, as the captain of the vessel in which herself had been wrecked had her instructions in his possession, she knew not whither she was intended to go to, in England.

Miranda, and her sister, now pressed me to take their bed for the night, as it was too late to return; but, as I was stronger, and in better health than them, I insisted on using the couch.

Early next morning, I repaired to Lord Alton, my worthy host, and acquainted him with my adventure. He hastened with me to relieve my respected, but unknown brother, from the horrors of confinement.

We reached the prison; when, lo! the good man had just been liberated by his future son. Henry had returned in disguise; had discharged the debt; and was now receiving his grateful benediction. I explained who I was: and they received me with tears of joy.

His lordship took upon himself the conciliation of the rector, and immediately set out to acquaint him with all the circumstances, while we hastened to the cot. I will not attempt to describe the overflowing joy of the old couple, nor the rapturous embraces of the young folks. Miranda underwent a transient suspension of her faculties, but awakened to never-fading happiness. The two young children climbed the good man's knees, to share the long-regretted kiss. The old woman gazed on her worthy master, with eyes overflowing with unaffected tears of mingled joy and sorrow. Her extacy was unbounded; she lifted up her hands to Heaven, and silently blessed its goodness! Her master did not neglect her, but quickly received her in a kind and grateful embrace.

We now received a message from his lordship, desiring our attendance immediately. Henry, the worthy curate, and myself, quickly obeyed it. We met the hitherto obdurate father—but, how changed! He was all politeness, all compliance: proud of an alliance with his lordship's friend and relation—for such Miranda now proved to be. I gave my niece a dower equal to the young man's fortune.

In a few days the nuptials were celebrated. All the inhabitants of the village shared heartily in their joy. They danced on the village green, and were treated in rustic sumptuousness by the happy bridegroom. Whispers of blessings showered on them both! Such as had been ungrateful to the father, threw themselves on their knees, and asked his forgiveness; which was readily granted them, with a kind and gentle rebuke. Even the rector sued for pardon, ashamed of his inhuman treatment, as he himself termed it.

His lordship soon after stationed my brother in a comfortable rectory, to which I added five hundred pounds a year as my sister's fortune.

The old woman survived but a few months: during which time she had been treated as a sister. Her remains were interred in a vault designed for the family; and a small mural monument was erected with this inscription—

To the Memory of  
MARY S—

A humble Christian,

A steady Friend,

The best of Servants;

Who graced her station by her Virtues;

Supported her Master and his Family

In their distresses;

And strove, with tender and incessant attention,

To blunt the stings of Adversity:

This Monument

Is erected, as a testimony of Gratitude

And sincere Respect,

And as an example, to excite others

To the like pious Conduct,

By her grateful Master,

W. JACKSON.

Henry, and his ever-lovely Miranda, live in tempered extacies of love; their little dog is treated as a child. They have one child, a sweet boy, called after my name. My niece is again pregnant. May Heaven render my dear little son, and all their future offspring, who are to inherit my estates, as worthy and as virtuous as their parents!

#### ANECDOTE.

SOME time ago, a gentleman was robbed of some loose silver and an empty purse. The highwayman discovering the inutility of the latter, very politely returned, and gave him his purse back, with the following observations:—"Sir, I shan't put you to the trouble of advertising it; for indeed it is of no use but to the owner."



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Thinking the following Fragment, found among the writings of the late much lamented Doctor JOSEPH YOUNG, will be an acquisition to the Editors of the WEEKLY MAGAZINE, I have endeavoured to obtain a copy of it, and present it to them, with a wish that it may be received by the public with as much pleasure as it was by

M.

A FRAGMENT, after the manner of J. Y.

THE sun was retiring behind a lofty ridge of mountains to gladden other regions; the towering spires of the village churches were tipped with gold; while the resplendent rays reflected from the windows dazzled the eye. Above was the azure vault, variegated with fleecy clouds; beneath was Nature's verdant carpet. The little songsters of the grove were paying their tributes of praise in melodious strains; the bleatings of the lambs, and the lowings of the milky mothers re-echoed from the vallies. The waters of a gently murmuring stream, which ran by the foot of a mountain, were silvered o'er by the mild rays of the queen of night. The soothing sound of a distant cataract gently saluted the ear. The fragrant odors of flowers, watered by gentle zephyrs, breath'd a delightful perfume.

Surely, says AMELIA, all nature conspires to calm the mind, to restore tranquility, to soften every care. But what can ease the torture of a love-sick soul; like the angry sea after agitation by blustering winds, 'tis still tumultuous. My PHILANDER sleeps in the silent dust; to the king of terrors he has fallen an untimely prey: cold are the clods that cover his once faithful breast. That heart which was once the seat of sensibility, and endowed with every virtue, ceases to vibrate to the sound of woe. The widow and the orphan shall point to thy tomb, PHILANDER, and cry, There lies our friend and patron! She walked pensively towards the place where his last remains were interred: Is this white stone, emblem of his innocence, the only memento of the lovely youth?—No—thou ever livest in the soul of AMELIA; there, in indelible characters, thy image is impress'd. I will strew thy grave with flowers; I will raise upon it the green sod; I will encircle it with willows. Let not unhallowed feet tread here; this place to love is sacred. Nightly will I visit thy grave, nor shall the wealth of worlds induce me to forego the mournful pleasure. If the spirits of the just watch round their surviving friends, then surely thou art my guardian angel. Dear shade, thou knowest the anguish of my soul; to me thou can'st not be visible—where thou art, I soon shall be, never to part again: in that state, where eternal love, and joy, and peace prevail. While she stood entranced in pleasing anticipation, she reflected on his last request:—"AMELIA, live to reward my virtues, friend, and bless the world

with a race of angels like thyself." Suddenly she started at the voice of complaining and of woe;—'twas TITUS, breathing the anguish of his soul to the silent night.—"Oh, AMELIA, thou lovely fair one, how long must I mourn an unreturned affection? thou knowest I waste my midnight hours in thoughts on thee; the conscious moon, the woods, the groves, are witnesses of my love: I grieve unpitied—I sigh unheard." As he advanced towards her, she exclaimed:—"TITUS, I know, I feel thy sorrow;—if thou can'st in return for love accept of friendship, I am thine. Thou knowest the object of my soul, the once adorable, amiable PHILANDER." In an extacy of amazement and delight, he cries—"Angels, catch the sounds; 'tis my AMELIA's voice: thy friendship is more valuable than the love of TITUS. Let us be happy. We will visit the grave of PHILANDER together, and pay to his memory the tribute of love and friendship. Each returning season we will decorate his grave with flowers, till we go to join him in the world of spirits; where there is an ever blooming spring, an eternal day."

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 30th ult. at Flatbush, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Fautoute, Mr. Charles Dickenson, of Saybrook, (Connecticut) to Miss Nancy Smith, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. Hugh Dougherty, to Miss Elizabeth Forbes, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. John Hendrickson, of Albany, to Miss Maria Griffin, of this city.

On Sunday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Nicols, Mr. Stephen Lyons, late of Stamford, (Connecticut) to Miss Ann Warner, of this city.

On Monday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Samuel Milner, of the Island of St. Thomas's, to Miss Mary Gardner, daughter of Mr. Charles Gardner, of this city.

On Wednesday last, at East-Chester, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, John Smith, Esq. of Baltimore, to Miss Eliza Smith, of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 2d to the 8th inst.

		THERMOMETER observed at		Prevailing winds.		OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.	
		6. A. M.	3. P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
April	2	40	48	sw.	se.	clear l. wd.	do. h. w.
	3	46	70	s.	do.	clear calm.	do. lt. w.
	4	46	60	e.	s.	chr. l. w. do. do. th. lg. r.	
	5	54	82	sw.	do.	chr. l. w. do. cal. th. lg. r.	
	6	56	56	n.	e.	cloudy lt. wd.	do. do.
	7	44	42	ne.	e.	cl. l. w. P. rai.	h. w.
	8	39	42	e.	do.	cl. l. w. P. rain.	



Messrs. PRINTERS,

The following story struck me on perusal, as an affecting one. Modern military *petit maitres*, who have never seen any other service but that of the ladies, pique themselves on extreme *insensibility*. They nightly infest the theatres, not to be entertained, but to interrupt—to display white teeth and empty heads—to laugh at every noble sentiment of Melpomene, though delivered with all the exquisite energy of a Siddons, or the delicate tenderness of a Merry—to such *beings* this little story may be of infinite use—they may learn that *sensibility* does not entirely disgrace regimentals, and that the *sympathetic tear* may be given to distress, without tarnishing the honour of the soldier.

EUGENIUS.

#### THE FATAL EFFECTS OF A TOO SUSCEPTIBLE HEART IN A YOUNG PRUSSIAN OFFICER.

“MY son was an ensign in a regiment in which I ranked as Captain. We had served two campaigns together, and I was pleased with the marks of a cool and sensible courage, which I had observed in him, and which promised the most flattering hopes of his becoming one day an ornament to his family.

“His heart was naturally generous and tender. This virtue endeared him to me; but I trembled for its effects. It might, I thought, shake his fortitude in the trying scenes of the miserable spectacles of war, and possibly suppress the enterprising spirit of youth; a quality so essential to the advancement of a soldier, and so necessary an embellishment to his character.

“Oftentimes, when his overflowing compassionate heart would vent itself in a burst of sorrow for the unfortunate, I had recourse to the *sophistry* of argument, to paint those objects of his reflections in different colours to his imagination; and while reproving him with his unmanly weakness, could have clasped him to my bosom for the melting tenderness of his nature.

“I frequently, though with utter repugnance, conducted him to the trying scenes of suffering criminals; thus attempting to familiarize his mind to the disastrous events which life is too often embittered with.

“Some little time after the affair of Schweidnitz, our army had burnt and sacked a small village of the Austrians. It was our chance of duty to be sent to this place. When the general confusion of the day had subsided, and some order restored among the troops, we made an excursion round the village to view the effects.

“On our approach to the ruins of a once clean and neat house, we were suddenly shocked by the approach of an old woman. The genius of extreme wretchedness seemed faithfully portrayed in her ghastly countenance.

“She flung herself upon her knees, and in a shrill voice of desperation, imprecated the most direful curses on our heads. “If,” says she, “you call yourselves men, and not savages of unequalled brutality, either kill me instantly, and end my extreme sufferings; or, O! let me have help to search for the remains of my children.”

“I tenderly exhorted her to calm herself—that she might expect every assistance; and staying with her till my son had returned with a few soldiers, I learnt, that on the alarm of the sudden approach of our troops to the village, the unrestrained disorder which was naturally to be expected, had forced her son and daughter, with two grandchildren, to seek shelter in a cellar of the house; which house sharing the same unfortunate fate with the rest, was soon pillaged and set on fire—that she herself had fled some little way into the country, and had retired from the danger of the enemy, in hopes that, in case of a discovery, her age might secure her from that fate which her grandchildren, two young women in the bloom of life, might otherwise be exposed to—that their father, who was a notary of the place, with his wife, had resolved on staying with the children in their concealment.

“When my son returned with the soldiers, the old woman showed us the spot where we should search for the poor devoted family. We had not been long at work among the ruins, when we broke into the cellar whither the family had fled. Here a scene presented itself, that would have turned a monarch’s heart from the fell tide of war, which brings such desolation and horror in its course.

“Clasped in each others arms lay two beautiful sisters, with their father and mother by their side, suffocated by the smoke; while the old woman, with horrid yells, was bewailing the loss of her unfortunate children, kissing the bodies, and frantic with grief. My son stood with folded arms musing over this melancholy spectacle.

“I solicited him to depart; I urged him to withdraw from so affecting a scene. Sternly did he turn his eyes on me, and seemed petrified to the spot. In vain did I reason on the necessary consequences of war; that it was no premeditated cruelty, but one of those casual misfortunes that even the civil transactions of life are often chequered with.

“Where is your reason, your manhood, my boy? shall a soldier be overcome with weak womanish feelings? for shame! for shame! All men in the course of their lives must make up their minds to calamities like these. Away! Your countrymen will ridicule your want of firmness; and the laurels which you have hitherto acquired, will only serve to point you out as a more conspicuous instance of effeminacy.

“I took him by the arm to draw him gently from this distressing sight, when he flung himself away from me, and exclaimed, pointing to the youngest of the girls, whose tongue, from the convulsive gasps of death, hung from her mouth, “Behold this unparalleled butchery of my countrymen! Will not the wrath of heaven revenge this outrage on humanity? Cruel, cruel Prussians! You are bloody indeed! accursed profession! Hell only has invented thee. From this moment I abjure thee. I will not return to these blood-hounds: I will fly to the deserts for ever, and hide my face from such inhumanity:” with “see there! my father,” pointing again to the dead bodies, and burst into a flood of tears.



"It required some force to bear him from this calamitous scene; and so strong was the impression, that a fixed melancholy took entire possession of him: and such was the extreme delicacy and tenderness of his feelings, that I was destined to see this beloved child seized with a violent fever, and to hear him, in the paroxysms of his distemper, rave in the wildest, yet most pathetic language on this event.

"Some little time before he expired, he had fashioned one of the young women into his wife; and starting up in bed, cursing the war which had snatched her away from him, he fixed his eyes ghastly upon me, which I readily translated into a remonstrance for being the author of his unhappy malady, fell back into a swoon, from which he never recovered."

### MIRANDA.

A MORAL TALE.

(Concluded from page 318.)

**S**IGHS and tears interrupted her speech; her words died on her tongue; she pressed her little companion, and was silent. Her mother begged she might here take up the story.

She was just beginning, when an old woman opened the cottage-door. Her appearance was such as to prejudice beholders in her favour. She set down a basket, which she carried on her arm; and, without speaking a word, was about to retire, when the matron called to her—"This gentleman, Mary, who deigns to interest himself so much in our afflictions, will not, my heart, I know not why, tells me, be offended at your being admitted to his company." I joined my voice to the old lady's—Mary curtsied, and sat down.

"This, Sir," continued the old lady; "this, Sir, is our Heaven-sent benefactress: under that rustic garb, are virtues which would adorn the possessors of a throne!—But I make you uneasy, my good friend; I will cease to praise you in words: I will only tell your actions, and let them praise you. This worthy creature, Sir, lived with us twenty years. In that space, she saved nearly forty pounds; by which we have all, my poor dear husband included, been for these nine months supported."

"The money came from you, my good lady; it was my duty, therefore," said Mary, "when you stood in need, to restore it to you again."

"Her attentions, Sir, would heal our woes, if they could admit of cure: but, alas! that seems impossible. However, when I reflect how miraculously Heaven has hitherto preserved us, I take comfort; and hope that, in his own good time and manner, he will make us triumph over our calamities. God is just; he chastens those whom he receives into the number of his children."

"Do not doubt, Madam," exclaimed I, involuntarily clasping her hand; "do not doubt, that God will speedily cause you to emerge out of this sea of adversity!"

"Will you please, Madam, to take your little supper now?" said Mary, with officious attention.

"We will," replied her mistress; "and this gentleman, if he can put up with our rustic food, will perhaps do us the honour to partake with us."

We moved to the table; and, when supper was over, the old lady resumed the clue of the narrative—

"Henry, the rector's amiable son, returned now from Oxford; he saw, he admired, he loved Miranda. The nobleness of his nature caused him to act in every thing with the strictest honour and integrity. He confessed his passion, and received an ingenious reciprocation of love. With generous frankness, he acquainted his father with his attachments. The haughty priest foamed with rage at the bare mention of it; and maddened at the idea of his son's marrying—these were his words—"a wench without fortune, family, or any thing; the daughter of my curate, too!" In short, from hence forward, he studied only how to distress and ruin us. His first motion was to get his son out of the way, whom he compelled to take the tour of Europe!—Miranda sobbed aloud—"a joyless tour, alas! for Henry." We believe he constantly writes to Miranda; but the rector secures his letters, knowing that we are not able to bring him to account. Not satisfied with having separated the lovers, he sought for other means of distressing us; and, having bought the debt which my husband had contracted, thrust him with merciless cruelty into prison. Here we succour him, and make him as comfortable as such a situation will allow: though the surly priest takes every means of harassing both him and us."

When the old lady had finished her narrative, I felt such deep commiseration, that I could answer her only by marks of indignation, and by sighs.

Miranda, during the whole time, had been totally absorbed in tears: but, now, collecting herself, she caught my eyes fixed on the little dog. "You wonder," said she, "no doubt, at the unusual kindness which I manifest towards this little animal. I will put an end to your astonishment. It is the only memorial of my Henry; he gave it to me: we were both wont to amuse ourselves with it; since his departure I have cherished it in my bosom; it has eat of my bread, drank of my cup, and been to me as my lover."

I thanked her for her condescension; and, turning to address the old lady, found her eyes again fastened on me: she examined my features involuntarily, and with seeming forgetfulness; then shook her head as before, and sighed. This striking behaviour, particularly as I found myself similarly circumstanced, stopped what I was about to utter. I was silent. Soon after, she looked eagerly at me again.

"Excuse me, Sir; I am sensible of my rudeness, but nature impels me to this behaviour: will you have the



goodness to ease my doubts, by informing me, whether you are a native of England?"

"No, Madam! but born of English parents in Russia."

"Good Heaven! art thou, then, making me amends for the afflictions thou hast laid upon me!"

"Your words, Madam, distract me! What do they mean? My heart tells me that some kindred tie binds us. Heaven grant that it may be so!"

"Is your name, then, Egerton?"—"The same."

"I thank thee, O God!"—Here she sunk into a swoon; but was quickly recovered by her daughter and the old servant.

She opened her eyes again; and, by the kindness of indulgent Heaven, I embraced a long-lost sister! Who can describe my joy?

Our family thought she had become a prey to the waves. She had been shipwrecked, at an early age, in a vessel bound to England; was taken up by an English privateer, and adopted as the captain's daughter. About the time she married, the captain had been unfortunate; and had, therefore, no portion but about two hundred pounds to give with her, which sum had been long since expended in the education of her children. He promised, however, to seek out her parents, but was cast away in the voyage. She, therefore, had never heard any thing of them; and, as the captain of the vessel in which herself had been wrecked had her instructions in his possession, she knew not whither she was intended to go to, in England.

Miranda, and her sister, now pressed me to take their bed for the night, as it was too late to return; but, as I was stronger, and in better health than them, I insisted on using the couch.

Early next morning, I repaired to Lord Alton, my worthy host, and acquainted him with my adventure. He hastened with me to relieve my respected, but unknown brother, from the horrors of confinement.

We reached the prison; when, lo! the good man had just been liberated by his future son. Henry had returned in disguise; had discharged the debt; and was now receiving his grateful benediction. I explained who I was: and they received me with tears of joy.

His lordship took upon himself the conciliation of the rector, and immediately set out to acquaint him with all the circumstances, while we hastened to the cot. I will not attempt to describe the overflowing joy of the old couple, nor the rapturous embraces of the young folks. Miranda underwent a transient suspension of her faculties, but awakened to never-fading happiness. The two young children climbed the good man's knees, to share the long-regretted kisses. The old woman gazed on her worthy master, with eyes overflowing with unaffected tears of mingled joy and sorrow. Her extacy was unbounded; she lifted up her hands to Heaven, and silently blessed its goodness! Her master did not neglect her, but quickly received her in a kind and grateful embrace.

We now received a message from his lordship, desiring our attendance immediately. Henry, the worthy curate, and myself, quickly obeyed it. We met the hitherto obdurate father—but, how changed! He was all politeness, all compliance: proud of an alliance with his lordship's friend and relation—for such Miranda now proved to be. I gave my niece a dower equal to the young man's fortune.

In a few days the nuptials were celebrated. All the inhabitants of the village shared heartily in their joy. They danced on the village green, and were treated in rustic sumptuousness by the happy bridegroom. Whispers of blessings showered on them both! Such as had been ungrateful to the father, threw themselves on their knees, and asked his forgiveness; which was readily granted them, with a kind and gentle rebuke. Even the rector sued for pardon, ashamed of his inhuman treatment, as he himself termed it.

His lordship soon after stationed my brother in a comfortable rectory, to which I added five hundred pounds a year as my sister's fortune.

The old woman survived but a few months: during which time she had been treated as a sister. Her remains were interred in a vault designed for the family; and a small mural monument was erected with this inscription—

To the Memory of

MARY S—

A humble Christian,

A steady Friend,

The best of Servants;

Who graced her station by her Virtues;

Supported her Master and his Family

In their distresses;

And strove, with tender and incessant attention,

To blunt the stings of Adversity:

This Monument

Is erected, as a testimony of Gratitude

And sincere Respect,

And as an example, to excite others

To the like pious Conduct,

By her grateful Master,

W. JACKSON.

Henry, and his ever-lovely Miranda, live in tempered extacies of love; their little dog is treated as a child. They have one child, a sweet boy, called after my name. My niece is again pregnant. May Heaven render my dear little son, and all their future offspring, who are to inherit my estates, as worthy and as virtuous as their parents!

#### ANECDOTE.

SOME time ago, a gentleman was robbed of some loose silver and an empty purse. The highwayman discovering the inutility of the latter, very politely returned, and gave him his purse back, with the following observations:—"Sir, I shan't put you to the trouble of advertising it; for indeed it is of no use but to the owner."



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

Thinking the following Fragment, found among the writings of the late much lamented Doctor JOSEPH YOWLE, will be an acquisition to the Editors of the WEEKLY MAGAZINE, I have endeavoured to obtain a copy of it, and present it to them, with a wish that it may be received by the public with as much pleasure as it was by

M.

A FRAGMENT, after the manner of J. Y.

THE sun was retiring behind a lofty ridge of mountains to gladden other regions; the towering spires of the village churches were tipped with gold; while the resplendent rays reflected from the windows dazzled the eye. Above was the azure vault, variegated with fleecy clouds; beneath was Nature's verdant carpet. The little songsters of the grove were paying their tributes of praise in melodious strains; the bleatings of the lambs, and the lowings of the milky mothers re-echoed from the vallies. The waters of a gently murmuring stream, which ran by the foot of a mountain, were silvered o'er by the mild rays of the queen of night. The soothing sound of a distant cataract gently saluted the ear. The fragrant odors of flowers, watered by gentle zephyrs, breath'd a delightful perfume.

Surely, says AMELIA, all nature conspires to calm the mind, to restore tranquility, to soften every care. But what can ease the torture of a love-sick soul; like the angry sea after agitation by blustering winds, 'tis still tumultuous. My PHILANDER sleeps in the silent dust; to the king of terrors he has fallen an untimely prey: cold are the clods that cover his once faithful breast. That heart which was once the seat of sensibility, and endowed with every virtue, ceases to vibrate to the sound of woe. The widow and the orphan shall point to thy tomb, PHILANDER, and cry, There lies our friend and patron! She walked pensively towards the place where his last remains were interred: Is this white stone, emblem of his innocence, the only memento of the lovely youth?—No—thou ever livest in the soul of AMELIA; there, in indelible characters, thy image is impress'd. I will strew thy grave with flowers; I will raise upon it the green sod; I will encircle it with willows. Let not unhallowed feet tread here; this place to love is sacred. Nightly will I visit thy grave, nor shall the wealth of worlds induce me to forego the mournful pleasure. If the spirits of the just watch round their surviving friends, then surely thou art my guardian angel. Dear shade, thou knowest the anguish of my soul; to me thou can'st not be visible—where thou art, I soon shall be, never to part again: in that state, where eternal love, and joy, and peace prevail. While she stood entranced in pleasing anticipation, she reflected on his last request:—"AMELIA, live to reward my virtues, friend, and bless the world

with a race of angels like thyself." Suddenly she started at the voice of complaining and of woe;—'twas TITUS, breathing the anguish of his soul to the silent night.—"Oh, AMELIA, thou lovely fair one, how long must I mourn an unreturned affection? thou knowest I waste my midnight hours in thoughts on thee; the conscious moon, the woods, the groves, are witnesses of my love: I grieve unpitied—I sigh unheard." As he advanced towards her, she exclaimed:—"TITUS, I know, I feel thy sorrow;—if thou can'st in return for love accept of friendship, I am thine. Thou knowest the object of my soul, the once adorable, amiable PHILANDER." In an extacy of amazement and delight, he cries—"Angels, catch the sounds; 'tis my AMELIA's voice: thy friendship is more valuable than the love of TITUS. Let us be happy. We will visit the grave of PHILANDER together, and pay to his memory the tribute of love and friendship. Each returning season we will decorate his grave with flowers, till we go to join him in the world of spirits; where there is an ever blooming spring, an eternal day."

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday the 30th ult. at Flatbush, (L. I.) by the Rev. Mr. Faitoute, Mr. Charles Dickenson, of Saybrook, (Connecticut) to Miss Nancy Smith, of this city.

Same evening, by the Rev. Dr. Pilmore, Mr. Hugh Dougherty, to Miss Elizabeth Forbes, both of this city.

On Saturday evening the 1st inst. by the Rev. Dr. McKnight, Mr. John Hendrickson, of Albany, to Miss Maria Griffin, of this city.

On Sunday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. Nicols, Mr. Stephen Lyons, late of Stamford, (Connecticut) to Miss Ann Warner, of this city.

On Monday evening the 3d inst. by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. Samuel Milner, of the Island of St. Thomas's, to Miss Mary Gardner, daughter of Mr. Charles Gardner, of this city.

On Wednesday last, at East-Chester, by the Rev. Mr. Ireland, John Smith, Esq. of Baltimore, to Miss Eliza Smith, of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 2d to the 8th inst.

	THERMOMETER		Prevailing		OBSERVATIONS	
	observed at		winds.		on the WEATHER.	
	6, A. M.	3, P. M.	6.	3.	6.	3.
	deg. 100.	deg. 100.				
April 2	40	48	sw.	se.	clear l. wd.	do. h. w.
3	46	70	s.	do.	clear calm.	do. lt. w.
4	46	60	e.	s.	chr. l. w. do.	do. th. lg. r.
5	54	82	sw.	do.	chr. l. w. do.	cal. th. lg. r.
6	56	56	n.	ex.	cloudy lt. wd.	do. do.
7	44	42	ne.	e.	cly. l. w.	P. rai. h. w.
8	39	49	e.	do.	cly. l. w.	P. rain.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

[The following, by mere accident, has fallen into my hands; the author of which I have not the honour of being acquainted with.—As I cannot conceive it will in any degree offend him by its insertion in your Repository, and as its merits intitle it to your attention, I beg you will give it a place.  
L. B.]

## STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

THE hour full fraught with woes is now arriv'd,  
In which I bid thy lovely form farewell;  
Sever'd from thee can I the task survive,  
O cruel Fate! who I have lov'd so well!  
Endless and sharp will be my woes,  
No ray of comfort shall I see;  
And yet who knows, alas! who knows  
If thou wilt ever think of me!  
Still will my fond affection hold thee dear,  
And sensibility will draw th' empassion'd tear.

Pensive along the hollow murmuring shore,  
Or woods, and wilds, and solitary glades,  
Or night's dull form, or ev'ning's grateful shades,  
Or rocks romantic height, I'll thee implore.  
From the grey twilight's dawn till ev'ning's close,  
In woods sequester'd I will call on thee;  
And yet who knows, alas! alas! who knows  
If thou wilt e'er bestow one thought on me.

With cadence soft, the circumambient breeze,  
Responsive, bursting through the waving trees;  
And echo, repercussive from her cell,  
Does sweetly vibrate through the neighb'ring dell,  
To bid the mind's tumultuous passion's tide,  
In Reason's law, and call recess subside.

To lull the heart-rent pang of Nature's sigh,  
And dry the tear of sensibility,  
In these lone solitary wilds I'll call on thee,  
Whilst thou, perhaps, wilt ne'er remember me.

There Nature, goddess of the heart,  
Shall ev'ry tender wish reclaim;  
Her healing balm she will impart,  
And ease my bosom of its pain.  
There, wrapt in meditation's calm repose,  
My heart shall only weep for others woes.

Adieu, dear maid! and may each hour  
Heav'n's choicest gifts upon you show'r!  
May happiness shine in each day,  
And truth and virtue light your way!  
While I will never cease to think of thee,  
Though thou, perhaps, wilt ne'er remember me.

CYNTHIO.

## ODE TO SPRING.

HAIL, gentle Spring! whose genial pow'r  
Calls to new life each fragrant flow'r,  
In richest tints array'd;  
Whose balmy breath revives each scene,  
The shady grove, the daisied green  
In verdant beauty clad.

At thy approach the feather'd trains  
Renew their long neglected strains;  
Sweet music floats around;  
Whilst list'ning Echo's busy tongue  
Repeats the burden of each song,  
In faint imperfect sound.

Thy presence prompts the lab'ring swain  
To give, with equal hand, the grain  
To the kind fost'ring soil:  
Mild suns autumnal shall mature  
The golden crop, in happy hour  
To recompense his toil.

The mute sojourners of the brook  
Had long their wonted paths forsook,  
Cramp'd by stern Winter's reign;  
But, rous'd by thy reviving beam,  
Again they gambol in the stream,  
And skim the glassy plain.

Ah! short-liv'd joys! The angler keen  
Shall soon to sorrow change the scene,  
With the deceptive fly;  
The speckled rovers seize the bait,  
And swallow unsuspected fate;  
They flounce, they gasp, they die.

Thy healing hand destroys disease;  
Thy breath brings health in every breeze;  
Before thee agues fly:  
Thou giv'st each heart with joy to glow,  
All blood in brisker streams to flow;  
Health laughs in every eye.

What tribute, then, shall mortals bring,  
To offer to the genial Spring?  
What trophies shall we raise?  
With grateful sons, at least, let's try  
To waft her praises to the sky,  
In loud accordant lays.

## SONG.—By MARIA FALCONER.

YE roses bow your lovely heads,  
Nor boast your damask hue;  
For see, yon spotless lily spreads  
Her charms to rival you.  
So in the beauteous female breast  
Does Envy's passion dwell;  
Each blooming maid, of charms possess'd,  
Endeavours to excel.  
Ah silly nymphs, behold your doom,  
In yonder fading flower;  
For what is Beauty's brightest bloom?  
The triumph of an hour!